THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

" To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
" To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

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From Memoirs of Charles Lee Lewis.

LE GRAND PITROT.

THE following instance of folly, insolence, and arrogance, in that celebrated dancer, Le grand Pitrot, well known thro'-out all Europe for his superior professional excellence, will b another strik instance to the many which I could relate of the presumptuous self-sufficiency of these foreign caperers.

This consequential prince of all the skipping, capering tribe, had the august appellation of *le grand* tacked to his parental name. The pride, obstinacy, and merit of this performer became proverbial at the courts of Europe, and he took particular care to mark his own character. At Vienna, he chose to appear only in the last act of a ballet. On the Emperor's desiring that he should make his entrée at the end of the first act, he answered the officer, that "men of talents never made themselves too cheap." The monarch instantly left the opera, and the whole court followed his example. Pitrot, on being informed of this, stepped forward, and in the face of the whole remaining audience, thus addressed the dancers: "Mes enfans, nous dansons pour nous memes, et not pas pour l'Empereur." And it is said, that in his life he never danced so well. However strange it may appear, the Emperor forgave the insult; and when he understood that Pitrot's engagement was finished, and he upon the point of departure, he sent this favourite exotic a gold snuff box, with his picture set round with brilliants. Pitrot was under the hands of his hair-dresser, when a Colonel belonging to the Emperor's guards delivered him the present. Pitrot took it after a careless manner, looked at it, then pressed his thumb upon the chrystal and crushed the picture; which done, he gave the box to his hair-dresser, and bade the officer acquaint his master, that that was the way he disposed of baubles sent him by men he did not think worthy of his friendship—then stepped into his carriage, and just got out of the Emperor's dominions time enough to save his head, a party of hussars having been dispatched in pursuit of the fugitive; and the more was the pity, they arrived too late.

He was told of his lucky escape, yet it did not serve to mend his manners in the least: for, in Berlin, the Emperor sent to him, expressing his desire that he would resume his station in Vienna; and that on account of his superior merit, he had forgot what had passed.—"Tell the Emperor," said Pitrot, "he knows I am not a fool." The king of Prussia desired him to get up a most magnificent ballet, leaving the expence of it entirely to him. But the charge was so very extravagant, that Frederic remonstrated. But the intrepid dealer in *hops* told that bold prince that the honour of Pitrot was not to be limited by the purses of monarchs; and that the king, in future, might take the trifling part (the charges) upon himself.

Are you not surprised, my reader, at hearing that such an arrogant scoundrel escaped punishment, in two such arbitrary sovreignties as Austria and Prussia are known to be? Now you shall see a specimen of his behaviour when in your own duped country.—When he was here as ballet master, in some dispute with Fiorville, he threatened to kick him, if he did not obey his directions. Then turning round, said, "If there is any stupid lord, or gentleman, who pretending to judge of the merits of a dancer without knowing how to pull off their hats, shall dare to take your part, Pitrot will prove that he can use his sword as well as his legs." If this outrage on good manners does not serve to work an effectual cure in you, my sensible countrymen, your case must be desperate indeed, and *common sense* must give you, to mix among the incurable.

In France, at the moment when he was about to begin a dance with the sister of of Madame du The, the father of the present Duke of Orleans whispered to her, that he should sup with her; Pitrot heard him, and told the lady, that he was resolved to supplant the Duke. The lady modestly told him, that his highness would give her a hundred louis d'ors. Well, replied Pitrot, I will give you a thousand. On her expressing her doubts, he laid his hand on his breast, and replied, "You shall have them, *foi de Pitrot*," and the next morning he kept his word.

This eccentric man, of whom a great variety of anecdotes of this nature might be related, after being reduced, by acts of imprudence, to the utmost necessity, when Le Picq went to Russia, was entrusted with all his schools, which bro't him in eight hundred pounds a year! Emerging from wretchedness, on a sudden, to a state of affluence, he launched immediately into his usual manner of living, which imprudence obliged him in

three years to quit the kingdom: but he has since returned, and is at this moment in Calais, without even a coat to cover him! A strange reverse of fortune, for a man, whose establishments in Prussia, Vienna, Russia, France, &c. were most like those of sovereign princes, than a ballet master. For example, when at Vienna, his equipage was superb in a most extravagant degree; he always had three servants behind his berlin, in the richest lieveries, and a running footman preceding him. When he was established in Le picq's school, he hired two furnished houses; in each of which he kept a female friend, with a carriage a-piece for the accommodation of the fair ones.

Here was a species of mad extravagance, only to be equalled by our honest tars, who, in the war that raged in the year 1762, took the Hermoine, a rich Spanish ship. On the Active's sailors receiving the first part of their prize-money, at Plymouth, the poor fellows were at a loss how to get rid of their troublesome load of ready cash. Among many other methods of dissipation, the following method was adopted by one thoughtless blade. He hired three post-chaises, which were occupied thus: in the first was deposited a gold-headed cane he had bought that morning of a Jew, whom he believed he had *taken in* most egregiously. In the next, his lass, bedizened with ribbons of the *true blue* colour: and in the third he seated himself with a flaming *point d'Espagne* hat on his knees, and two double doubloons placed on each of his breasts, tacked to his outward garment with yellow sewing silk. These pieces of whimsical grandeur he called his stars of the order of the blue jacket. In this order the calvacade set off from the Pope's head, for the Cherry-tree, on the road leading to Exeter, and was attended by a prodigious crowd of men and women, who, when honest Jack gave the signal to the drivers to stop, which was frequently repeated, gave him three cheers; and in return for the honor done him by this mob, Jack gave orders for a *red hot* bowl of punch to be presented to the blatant beast, at the public house where he chose to receive their huzzas. When arrived at the Cherry tree, the end of the first day's trip, Jack was blessed with a sight of a number of his shipmates, who were regaling themselves and their numerous friends, with the best the house afforded. They were surrounded with Israelite dealers in every kind of trinkets to allure the eye, and pick the pockets of the honest tars. Every man of the fortunate crew agreed to purchase each two watches: bawbels too, must be bought for their occasional spouses, as the disinterested descendants of old father Abraham told the jolly fellows, that their ladies would become *chewels*, as well as the *doches* of the land. Such recommendations, accompanied with sweet blandishments from the ladies themselves, could hardly fail; plenty of the ready was squandered away in a short time. But, to crown all the freakish acts, little short of insanity, when they had refreshed on a vast quantity of beef steaks, fried in butter, with plenty of onions, they unanimously agreed to fry their watches in the grease which was used in dressing their meat; and some of the crew were so nice in palate, that they could not put up with the indelicate fare of their companions, but must order spinage to be boiled for them: and, strange to tell, yet true it is, caused their already dressed tatlers, as they termed their watches, to be served up to them among their spinage, in lieu of eggs!

These marks and tokens of temporary madness in the rough hardy sons of Neptune, manifested on many similar occasions, are more excusable, than I hope will be allowed in a man, who was all his life accustomed to the company of personages in the highest and most exalted spheres of life. Pitrot's arrogance should, one might reasonably suppose, put people in high life upon their guard, not to be daily imposed upon by such whiffling, unnecessary fellows, who only laugh in their sleeves at the stupid credulity of the persons of quality and fashion, who encourage them to be insolent to their supporters.—England has long been the standing jest of these exotics.

It is not long since that some of our travelling gentlemen beheld in Italy a monument of our great weakness, which was raised out of a small part of the sum carried from hence by Signor Farinelli. It is a very superb building, in which he dwelt, and chose to dignify it with the significant appellation of the *English Folly*. Semnessino, and the Cuzzoni, were very little behind the first named charmer of the fair of Great Britian, in sweeping away with them to their native countries enough to buy the fee-simple of some of their petty princes, could they have thus alienated their estates and honours from their posterity.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

Extracts from the writings of Madame de Genlis, No. 1.

WOMEN.

It is always the fault of a woman, if a man ventures to disclose his sentiments to her. Beauty is less alluring than indiscretion. *Theatre of Education.*

The women of the present day pique themselves on being interesting, natural and sprightly. Formerly they were pleased if they were commended for their modesty and reserve. But now timidity is considered as a disgrace, and gentleness as a proof of stupidity. Assurance, a positive and imperious tone, loud and reiterated bursts of laughter, are the only qualities that can now-a-days confer distinction on a young and handsome woman. *ibid.*

In my opinion it is infinitely more easy to find a woman who never had a lover, than to find a woman who never had

more than one. The first step is the most difficult; when that is got over, the rest of the way is easy enough. *Adele and Theodore.*

Women who are endued with real sensibility, possess a delicacy of which men are not susceptible, and which enables them to enjoy a thousand petty circumstances which escape our sex. Their more flexible organs render them capable of feeling impassioned emotions which we can scarcely conceive, at the sight of objects which make no impression on us. They have a manner of loving peculiar to themselves; and that female who proposed to her lover, from whom she was about to be separated, to look every night at the moon at the same hour, surely formed a delicious idea from that agreement; and I am persuaded that this happy hour consoled her for all the sorrows of the day. Talismans, cyphers, bracelets of hair, all these delicate contrivances are of their invention; while we, who are capable of sacrificing our lives, and too often our reputation for their sakes attach but little value to these trifles which delight them. Our passions are perhaps more energetic and profound;—but their sensibility, more easily moved assuredly procures them pleasures to which we are strangers, and a happiness preferable to that which we are capable of enjoying. *Ibid.*

How soon a woman becomes acquainted with all the habits of the object of her love, even without appearing to take any notice of them! Women alone possess the secret of obtaining a thorough knowledge of things concerning which they dare not enquire, by the art of asking indirect questions with inimitable address. *New Moral Tales.*

Women have a method of looking on one side without turning their heads, which is peculiar to themselves. It is but just that Nature has given this facility to those, who are never allowed to have a fixed look, who are so frequently obliged to hang their heads, or turn their eyes a different way. *ibid.*

The most artful and insinuating Lovelace is a mere simpleton in comparison to a thoroughly depraved woman. *The Rival Mothers.*

I have ideas respecting women, that are peculiar to myself. I cannot think that their organization differs from that of men, for I do not perceive that physical weakness imparts greater moral delicacy, or renders the understanding less solid and less comprehensive. Pascal, Pope and many others possessed genius and great souls together with very weak physical constitutions. How excessively stupid is many a Hercules that we are acquainted with! Finally if in this examination, I seek to penetrate the designs of the Author of the Universe, I find that beings destined alike for immortality must possess all the intellectual faculties in the same degree, and that their souls be perfectly similar. Accordingly, I ascribe to education alone the real differences we observe between men and women. To imagine that the creator has formed beings calculated for the most intimate union, and yet essentially dissimilar, is a frivolous and superficial idea. If man had not within himself the germs of those qualities which he loves in woman, he could neither form any conception of, nor be delighted with them: and if women were susceptible neither of strength nor greatness of mind, they would be incapable of appreciating any thing that is sublime. Take away the perfect equality of understanding and of soul, and you destroy all existing relations, you dissolve all union; in a word, the companion of man ought to be able to comprehend him always, often to give him advice, and sometimes to supply his place. Notwithstanding this equitable distribution of the most valuable gifts of the creator, notwithstanding this necessary equality, women, charged with the care of children will always have in society a destination different from that of men. 'Tis Nature herself that prescribes for them a sedentary life, and devotes them to domestic occupations; 'tis Nature herself that secludes from public offices, the functions of which could not be combined with the duties of a mother and a nurse. Had Nature perfectly adapted their moral faculties to their condition, she had made women inferior and subordinate beings; and this, as I have already observed, would have been injustice and inconsistency the more extraordinary, as they would have answered no purpose whatever. The difference of situations, and of education is sufficient to perfect the qualities necessary for the two sexes; thus courage and energy are cherished in men, and soft sensibility in women, while at the same time the opposite virtues are not checked or destroyed in their bosoms. Women, accustomed from infancy to express so many sentiments only by halves, to disguise ingeniously so many ideas, must have that delicacy which characterizes them, which is acquired by habit and long exercise, and is not the effect of any particular organization. This is so true that the imaginary difference of organization has never been remarked in females of the lower classes who have not received the benefits of education. This sublime plan of subordination, of situation, and of equality of faculties, constitutes all the charm of the delightful union between the sexes; it imparts a higher interest to that apparent weakness which far from being a humiliating inferiority, is but an affecting and generous sacrifice; it exalts the dignity of man, constituted by love and virtue the protector of a creature equal to himself. These ideas, which ennoble power and dependence, appear to me more just and more useful than those which degrade women, for the purpose of consecrating the authority of man, whose rights, established by nature herself, require only sentiment and reason, to be acknowledged and respected.—*Ibid.*

Who gives a trifle meanly, is meaner than the trifle.

THE OSNABURGH TORTURE.

WHO can read the following narration without feeling his "blood freeze in his veins," or without execrating the government which countenances such worse than savage murder. Let the reader remember, that Hanover belonged to the king of England, and that the fact is stated by one of his own subjects.

"Having heard much of the mode of torture practised at Hanover, called the *Osnaburgh Torture*, and which is applied by executioners purposely sent for from that Bishopric, (the Duke of York was then bishop of Osnaburgh) I applied to be admitted to the cellar in which the engines of torture are kept—as my introduction was by a high officer of the court, I had the honour of a seat near the judges. The person who was put to the torture that day, happened to be a *female*, of family and respectable connexions, whose *husband* stood charged with some crime, but who had escaped from his executioners—they seized his wife, to compel her by the torture of Osnaburgh, to criminate him and his connexions.

She was of the most exquisite beauty, and the judges feasted their eyes with a view of her person already disfigured, by repeated questions, as she lay extended on the *rack*, with only a loose garment thrown over part of her body. The Osnaburgh torture was applied in the manner related in Mr. Howard's narrative, in all its exquisite *refinements*.—She persisted in her innocence.—Her judges, the representatives of the elector of Hanover, celebrated for his domestic and social virtues, sat unmoved, either by her beauty, suffering, or protestations. They ordered the executioners to vary her tortures—the cords were drawn to the shortest. *She was a mother!* From her beauteous and lovely, but agonizing breasts, forced by the extreme of torments, *blood spouted*, and covered the faces and clothes of her judges.—She still asserted her innocence—executioner, repeat the *question*, was again the exclamation of those fiends of Hell; with the most piteous lamentations she begged for mercy. It was in vain—the executioner obeyed the mandates of his superiors, they *hove* once more at the rack—she shrieked, the name of her beloved *babe* and husband murmured on her trembling lips—nature was totally exhausted by *shame* and *torture*—she expired. Good God! never shall I forget the dreadful moment! And is this, exclaimed I to myself, staggering from this *court of justice*, is it *my king*, who governs with absolute sway in this city!"

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AN AFFECTING SCENE.

A FACT.

UGELINO, a Florentine Count, had been imprisoned with his four children, by the Archbishop Ruguri; and after his deliverance, thus relates the horrors of his prison:

"The hour approached when I expected to have something brought us to eat; but instead of seeing any food appear, I heard the doors of that most horrible dungeon more closely barred I beheld my little children in silence, and could not weep. My heart was petrified. The little wretches wept; and my dear Anselon said "tu guardi ti, padre che hai?" Father, you look upon us, what ails you? I could neither weep nor answer; and continued swallowed up in silent agony, all that day and the following night, even till the dawn of the day.

"As soon as the glimmering ray darted through the doleful prison, that I could again see those faces, in which my own image was impressed. I gnawed both my hands with grief and rage.

"My children, believing I did this through eagerness to eat, raising themselves suddenly up, said to me' "My father, our torments would be less, if you would allay the rage of your hunger upon us." I restrained myself that I might not increase their misery.

"We were all silent that day and the following.

"The fourth being come, Gaddon, falling extended at my feet, cried, My father, why do you not help me? and died!

"The other three expired, one after the other, between the fifth and sixth day, famished, as thou now seest me. And I being seized with blindness, began to go, groping upon them with my hands and feet; and continued calling upon them by their names, three days after they were dead; then hunger vanquished my grief."

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Anecdote and portrait

OF A PERFECT MISER.

THE miser does not consider himself such as he really is, otherwise, he would feel horror, instead of exultation, at his character. He considers himself as a man of *exquisite forecast*, as an œconomist, whose thoughts stretch deep into futurity.

When we read the miser of Plautus, and that of Moliere, we are tempted to believe, that the distinguishing characteristics of the miser are exhausted; but the following, is perhaps, not less true, nor less energetic, than those represented by the great masters:—

An original of this species, having heard of a famous physician at Paris, whose parsimony was carried to excess, had the curiosity to pay him a visit; he was a faithful disciple, who burnt with desire, to be taught lessons by a renowned master: Having previously apprised him of his coming, by a message, he found him, about eight o'clock in the evening, in *winter*, in a smoky room, with a small lamp, that scarcely gave any light. He said to him, on entering, "I

am credibly informed, sir, that you are the greatest œconomist in the world; I am somewhat of the œconomist myself, but would be glad to be better versed in the art: and it would be an infinite pleasure to me if you were to befriend me so far, as to give me a few lessons of œconomy." "Is this all you come for?" replied, readily, the covetous doctor, who imagined he was to have a *patient* consulting him on his bad state of health—"We have no manner of occasion to *see*, in order to *speak*, and in the dark, our thoughts will admit of fewer distractions;' he immediately put out the light. "Ah! dear sir," cried the humble disciple, 'this lesson of œconomy is quite *enough* for me; I plainly see that I shall never be otherwise than a scholar, under the tuition of so great a master; but I protest to you, that I will profit by what I have seen:" so saying, he withdrew, groping his way down stairs.

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THE FORCE OF ELOQUENCE.

Anecdote of Julius Cæsar.

When Quintus Ligarius was prosecuted, for bearing arms against Cæsar, and Cicero had undertaken to plead his cause, Caesar is reported to have said—"Why may not we give ourselves a pleasure, which we have not enjoyed so long, that of hearing Cicero speak; since I have already taken my resolution as to Ligarius, who is clearly a bad man, as well my enemy:" but he was greatly moved, when Cicero began; and his speech, as it proceeded, had such a variety of pathos, so irresistible a charm, that his colour often changed; and it was evident, that his mind was torn with conflicting passions; at last, when the orator touched on the battle of Pharsalia, he was so extremely affected, that his whole frame trembled, and he let fall some papers out of his hand; thus conquered by the force of eloquence, he acquitted Ligarius.

He can bear his griefs in silence, who can moderate his joys.

CHINESE PROVERBS.

A great talker never wants enemies—The man of sense speaks little, and hears much.

Do not entertain a man who has just received a disappointment with an account of your own success.

In *company*, set a guard upon your tongue——in *solitude*, upon your heart.

The most ignorant, have knowledge enough to discern the faults of others.—The most clear-sighted, *are blind to their own*.

When a man says, "let me wait a little, when I have something to spare, I will relieve the poor."—That man will *never* relieve the poor.

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The following anecdote points out the folly of those coxcombs who would be considered fine gentlemen. A number of such characters may be found in most populous cities.

Lord Camelford entering one evening a coffee-house in Conduit street, which his lordship frequented, meanly attired, as he often was, sat down to peruse the paper of the day. Soon after, came in a *dashing fellow*, a *first rate blood*, who threw himself into the opposite seat of the same box with Lord C. and in a most consequential tone bawled out—"Waiter, bring me a pint of Madeira, and a couple of wax candles, and put them into the next box." He then drew to himself Lord C.'s candle, and set himself to read. His lordship glanced at him a look of indignation, but exerting his optics a little more, continued to decypher his paper. The waiter soon re-appeared, and with a multitude of obsequious bows, announced his having completed the commands of the gentleman, who immediately lounged round into his box. Lord Camelford having finished his paragraph, called out in a mimic tone to that of Mr. ——, 'Waiter, bring me a pair of snuffers." These were quickly brought, when his Lordship laid down his paper, walked round to the box in which Mr. —— was, snuffed out both his candles, and leisurely returned to his seat. Boiling with rage and fury, the indignant beau roared out, "Waiter, waiter, waiter, who the devil is it that *dares* thus to insult a gentleman? Who is he? What is he? What do they call him?" "Lord Camelford, Sir," said the waiter. "Who! Lord Camelford!" returned the former, in a tone of voice scarcely audible! horror-struck at the recollection of his own impertinence, and almost doubting whether he was still in existence, "Lord Camelford!—What have I to pay?" On being told, he laid down his score, and actually *stole away*, without *daring* to taste his Madeira.

SINGULAR

INSTANCE OF INFATUATION.

A native of Berlin had accompanied some of his companions to the house of a fellow who assumed the character of a fortune-teller; and having disobliged him, by expressing a contempt of his art, the fellow, out of revenge, prophesied that this man should die on a scaffold. This seemed to make little impression at the time, but afterwards recurred often to this unhappy creature's memory, and became every day more troublesome to his imagination.—At length the idea haunted his mind so incessantly, that he was rendered perfectly miserable, and could no longer endure life.

He would have put himself to death with his own hands, had he not been deterred by the notion, that God Almighty never forgave suicide. He resolved therefore to commit murder, that he might be deprived of life by the hands of justice; and mingling a sentiment of benevolence with the cruelty of his intention, he reflected, that if he murdered a grown person, he might possibly send a soul to hell. To avoid this, he determined to murder a child, who could not have committed any sin, but dying in innocence.

would go immediately to heaven. He actually murdered an infant of his master's. Such was the strange account this infatuated creature gave on his trial; and thus the random prophecy proved the cause of its own completion.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

Lines on Capt Fraser.

Fighting at Boston in September,
Poor Fraser lost a useful member;
And tho' at first a heavy woe,
He gloried in his timber toe.

To England come with servants many,
He hopp'd a dashing buck as any,
And with the fair was quite the go,
Altho' he had a timber toe.

Charles in return his favors lavish'd,
His figure Lady ***** ravished;
She sigh'd and look'd and long'd to know
Charles Fraser and his timber toe.

Th' acquaintance form'd o'erjoy'd my Lady,
Charles ever at her service ready—
She, generous soul, with a rouleau
Won both his heart and timber toe.

Now many rouleau's were expended—
Charles in one luckless hour attended—
My Lord rush'd in, and with a blow
Destroy'd his handsome timber toe.

My Lord was glum, my Lady pouted,
Charles and his broken toe was scouted,
Nor ever did he dare to show
Again, the favourite timber toe!!!

Julia Francesca.

TATTLING.

Tattling produces almost all the indiscretions that are committed; besides, it strips a woman of all her graces. If it were possible for a very sensible person to have this failing, notwithstanding her merit, she would be looked upon as a gossip equally tiresome and ridiculous.

BEAUTY.

It is seldom the case that a perfectly beautiful woman is at the same time amiable. She commonly imagines that nature has done every thing for her, and that, in order to charm and captivate the heart of men, she has only to shew the graces of her person. Such are the ideas with which she enters into society; accordingly her triumph is confined to the frivolous admiration of the moment. This transient emotion, as it passes away, leaves nothing behind it but langour, insipidity, and even disgust. In her company the mind remains inactive, the heart is cold; and it is a just remark, that the strongest passions are not excited by the most beautiful women.

SELF LOVE.

The Almighty impressed on our hearts a salutary desire which impels us to seek distinction, to acquire glory: I mean self-love. This divine principle forms heroes and great men. It is then pure, and such as it was conferred on us by God; man perverts, he debases its nature, by applying it to vain and frivolous objects. In a word, he transforms it into pride.

ARTIFICE.

The most innocent dissimulation is never without disadvantages, whether criminal or not criminal, artifice is always dangerous, and almost invariably productive of mischief. The best and the soundest policy is in no case to employ artifice, or to practise the slightest deception, but to be in every circumstance of life upright and sincere. This is the natural system of virtuous minds, and superiority of talents and of understanding is alone sufficient to lead to its adoption.

To note the passing tidings of the times.

SATURDAY, Feb. 28.

The House of Representatives of the United States, appropriated on the 21st instant, 150,000 dollars for gun boats and the same sum for fortifications.

On Thursday the drawing of the fifth Literature Lottery terminated; and the Ticket No. 9340 (which remained in the wheel till the last day) drew the high prize of 30,000 dollars. This ticket was sold by Burtus and Crane, to a Mrs. Harris, at six dollars, and afterwards sold by Mrs. Harris, to seven persons, viz. Miss Abeel, a son of G. Brazier, and the children of James C. Roosevelt.

MARRIED,

On Thursday evening, the 19th inst. by the rev. T. Bishop, the Rev. Seth Crowell, of this city, to Miss Rachel Stuart, of Redding Connecticut.

At Flushing, L. I. on Tuesday the 17th inst. by the rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. James Bloodgood, to Miss Mary H. Birdsall, of that place.

On Friday evening the 13th inst by the rev. Dr. Kunzie, Capt. J. Nelson, to Miss Margaret Miller, both of this city.

At Baltimore, by the rev. Dr. Rand, John R. Murray, Esq. of this city, to Miss Harriet Rogers, daughter of Col. Rogers.

DIED,

At New-Orleans, the 22 ult. Gulian M'Evers, Esq. of the house of C. & G. M'Evers, of this city merchants.

On the 13th inst. after a lingering illness, Mr. James Hearn, in the 53 year of his age. He was a native of the town of Chesham, in England, and had long been a respectable inhabitant of this city.

NEW PATENT FLAGELET,

PATRONIZED BY THE ROYAL FAMILY,

AND

The nobility of Great Britian.

This instrument being held in such high estimation in England among ladies of the first rank, has induced the Manufactnrer to introduce it into the United States of America, where it has met with general approbation among ladies of the firan circle. The sweetness and brilliancy of tone which it possesses, renders it superior to any ever made, and the fingering being so easy that ladies and gentlemen not knowing music, may in a few weeks acquire a proficiency. To be had only of John Butler, manufacturer and teacher, at Messrs. Paff's, City Hotel, Broadway. Jan 17.

SIR,

By giving the enclosed address of the Humane Society to the public, one or more insertions in your useful and entertaining paper you will oblige that institution, and perhaps be the means of furthering its benevolent ends.

Yours, &c.

J. NITCHIE, Jun. Sec'ry.

Editor of the Lady's Miscellany.

The Humane Society, of the city of New York, beg leave to present to their fellow citizens, the following statement of their transactions during the year 1806.

One hundred and eighty three prisoners, confined in the jail of this city, have been supplied by the Humane Society, with food and fuel—14,655 qts. of soup were issued from their soup house, of which 8880 have been delivered to said prisoners—2,015 were given to the poor, during the months of January and February, while the cold weather lasted; 2522 were sold at the soup house, at 3d per quart, and 1324 qts. were delivered there for tickets.

In the month of April last, the corporation of the city granted the society a spot of ground in Tryon street, in the rear of the arsenal, on which, to erect a soup house, together with 600 dollars towards building the same. The society did erect a substantial brick one on that place, the whole expence of building which, amounted to 1147 dols. 90 cts.

The donations in cash, during the last year, received by the society, besides the above donations from the corporation, have amounted to 156 dollars 87 cents. The society have also received many donations of meat, vegetables, fuel, &c.

The other expenditures of the society, beside the above sum paid for erecting their soup house, have amounted to 922 dols. 61 cts.

The society have also provided six sets of apparatus, for the purpose of resuscitating persons apparently dead from drowning, and have appointed the following physicians to take charge of them, at whose houses they are deposited, and who will lend their medical aid in cases of that kind, viz.

Drs. John Neilson, at No 134 Greenwich street—Walter W. Buchanan, 24 Hudson street——Andrew Hunt, 500 Greenwich street—Robert Thorn, 63 Water st.—Joshua E. R. Birch, 882 Pearl st.—Ezekiel Ostrander, 133 Cherry street.

They have also prepared certain brief and plain directions for the treatment of persons apparently drowned, after they are recovered from the water. These directions they have published in the various newspapers in the city, and also caused to be printed on cards, with the names and places of abode of the above physicians, for the purpose of giving them all possible publicity.

From a comparison of the expenditures of the society, with the donations since the last annual report, it will appear that the former have greatly exceeded their immediate resources. The sum of 756 dollars 95 cents, is now due from them to their treasurer.

Embarraasments of this kind might prove the want of economy in an individual, but in the managers of an institution, which has so long enjoyed the patronage and confidence of the public, it will not, it is hoped, be thought presumption to have anticipated its alms

From their first establishment, the society have been in the habit of regulating the expences, not by the actual amount of monies in their treasury, but by the claims of distressed persons. The generosity of the public has hitherto justified their practice. Confiding in that generosity, they have been gradually extending the relief of their institution to that complicated distress which the inclemency of some seasons, and the sickness of others, have produced.

From this extension of their plan, and a desire to give it permanency by erecting a building suitable to their purpose, it will appear that their present embarrassment has in part arisen. It is said in part, for there is another cause; and it would be injustice to the friends, as well as to the objects of humanity, not to declare, that the amount of contributions for the last year, is 1036 dollars less, than it was in the preceding year; and falls greatly below what may be considered as the average amount of the annual contributions.

Concluding that this disparity between their disbursements and receipts has arisen, not from a decrease of charity in the public, but from a want of information as to their necessities; the society make this candid statement, and again appeal to the humanity of the citizens. This is their only fund. Hitherto it has amply supplied their demands; and they are persuaded, that their expectations from it cannot be disappointed in the season when the distress of the city is urgent, and at the moment when a desire to extend the benefits of their institution, has called for efforts unusually liberal.

In seasons of public calamity by sickness, or by the severity of the cold in winter, the singular utility of their soup establishment, has been experienced, not merely by the immediate objects of their charity, but by the poor of the city in general. With a view to discourage street begging, in those who solicit money for the purpose of procuring spirituous liquor, and at the same time to afford substantial relief to proper objects of this class, the society have provided tickets, each of which entitles the bearer to a quart of soup. They beg leave to recommend the purchase of these to their fellow citizens, as a very salutary mode for dispensing charity, to those who ask it from door to door.

John Rodgers, President.

John N. Abeel,	Nathaniel Evertson,
James Bleecker,	John H. Hobart,
John Bogert,	David Hosack,
Leonard Bleecker,	John C. Kunzie,
Abraham Beach,	James Manning,
John Broome,	John M. Mason,
Cad'r. D. Colden,	Andrew Morris,
Matthew Clarkson,	Jacob Morton,
Richard Duryee,	John Murray,
Natl. Pendleton,	John Pintard,
John Slidell,	Thos. Storm, and

Ebenezer Stevens.

N. B. Charles Reinolds is appointed to call upon the citizens, and offer these tickets for sale. They may also be procured from each of the above named members of the society, or from the secretary, John Nitchie, jun.

*** The Humane Society acknowledge a donation of ten dollars, from R. H. Also a chaldron of coals from Mr. James Gibson—the cartage of which, was done gratis, by Arthur Patterson, and Otis Billop, cartmen.

By order of the society,

J. NITCHIE, jun. Sec'ry.

SELECTED.

TO A KISS.

Humid seat of soft affections,
Tenderest pledge of future bliss,
Dearest tie of young connections,
Love's first snow-drop, rapturous kiss!

Speaking silence! dumb confession!
Passion's birth, and infant play!
Dove-like fondness, chaste concession,
Glowing dawn of brighter day.

Sorrowing joy! adieu's last action,
When lingering lips no more must join:
What words can ever speak affection
So thrilling, so sincere as thine.

Thee, the fond youth untaught and simple,
Nor on the naked breast can find,
Nor yet within the cheek's small dimple,
Sole offspring thou of lips conjoin'd.

Then haste thee to thy dewy mansion,
With Hebe spend thy laughing day;
Dwell in the rubied lips' expansion,
Bask in her eyes propitious ray.

The beautiful sentiment comprised in the following verses, will find its way to every feeling heart. We trust our readers will realize the correctness of our assertion. Ed. L. Mis.

THE TEAR.

On beds of snow the moon-beam slept,
And chilly was the midnight gloom,
When by the damp grave Ellen wept;——
Sweet maid!—it was her Lindor's tomb.

A warm tear gush'd,—the wintry air
Congeal'd it as it flow'd away.
All night it lay an ice-drop there;
At morn it glitter'd in the ray.

An angel, wand'ring from his sphere,
Who saw this bright, this frozen gem,
To dew-eyed Pity brought the tear,
And hung it on her diadem!

WHAT ART THOU DEATH?

By R. Cumberland, Esq.

What art thou Death, that we should fear,
The shadow of a shade?
What's in thy name that meets the ear,
Of which to be afraid?
Thou art not care, thou art not pain,
But thou art rest and peace:
'Tis thou can'st make our terror vain,
And bid our torments cease.

Thy hand can draw the rankling thorn
From out the wounded breast:
Thy curtain screens the wretch forlorn,
Thy pallet brings him rest:
Misfortune's sting; affliction's throes;
Detraction's poisonous breath;
The world itself and all its woes,
Are swallow'd up in Death.

BEAUTY.

Pray did you never hear it said,
By those who felt and fear'd,
That nothing could impart such dread
As beauty with a beard?

"Why, yes, I have, and what is more,
I heard a foolish frump,
Once praise, until his lungs seem'd sore,
A beauty with a hump.

Another, too, by Cupid struck,
Let plenteous praises fly,
Because he lov'd, such was his luck,
A beauty with one eye.

One more there was, who lov'd a maid,
Both beautiful and young;
Alas! to wed he was afraid,
To beauty with a tongue."

EPIGRAM.

Tom, tho' a vicious life he led,
With every one some fault would find;
Tom's called a satirist.....agreed,
His life's a satire on mankind.

Margery was fully committed to Shepton-Mallet Bridewell, for the murder of her infant. She is a most deplorable object, about 45 years of age, but her looks bespeak her much older. Her confession is ample, circumstantial, and most pitable; and the agonies of her mind, since the perpetrating the horrid deed, must have been truly accute and deplorable. She carried the little innocent naked, covered only with her apron, through the streets of Bath, for a month after her delivery, and at last took the dreadful resolution of cutting its throat, and throwing it into the river. Some minutes before it sunk, it held up one of its little hands, apparently praying for protection from its unnatural mother; who, at the moment, she says, would have freely given her own life, to preserve it; it sunk—and left her a prey to the ceaseless torment of a guilty conscience; tortures which may be conceived, but cannot be expressed. *Lon. Pap.*

A foreigner in his remarks on this country, says—"By the laws of England a man and his wife may carry on business separately."

A gentlemen entering into the study of his friend, who was a youth of the poet tribe, and finding him absent, and the following unfinished stanza lying on the desk—

The sun's perpendicular height
Illumin'd the depth of the sea;

took up a pen, and thus concluded——

And the fishes beginning to sweat,
Cried damn it! how hot we shall be!

The father of the late king of Portugal one day held an argument with the marquis de Pontelimar, on the power of kings; the latter maintained that it had limits, but his sovereign would admit of none, and said to his courtier with great warmth,—"If I ordered you to throw yourself into the sea, you ought without hesitation to plung into it head foremost." The marquis immediately turned short and went towards the door. The king, surprised, asked him where he was going. "To learn to swim, Sire." The king laughed heartily, and the conversation ended.

TERMS OF THE LADY'S MISCELLANY.
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